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## Sugar Island

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*College of DuPage*

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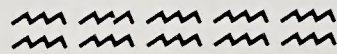
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time to the drums. The drumbeats grew faster and fiercer. I watched the couples shedding their inhibitions just as easily as their clothes. The throng spun around the fire dizzily and I had to shut my eyes for a moment in order to remain standing. Across the fire I could see Marie coming towards me. She draped her arm around my waist as we watched the dancers. Marie began to sing and the others followed. We refilled our bottles and slowly wandered away from the revelers. We sat down in a small clearing and watched the moonset. I fell asleep against Marie well before the sunrise. As I nodded off, I thought I heard Marie howling. I woke up in my courtyard, under the myrtle,

facedown, mud-streaked, and very hungover. I stood up shakily and winced at the drumbeat in my head as I walked into my house. On the steamer trunk I saw a cut glass bottle with a tag. I leaned over and ignored the pain which had a pulse of its own. I picked up the bottle and read the note.

"I believe that sweet are the uses of adversity. The hair of the dog that bit you. I'll see you tonight. The widow Paris."

The widow Paris, I thought. A dog howled and I suddenly realized that Marie in the brown dress was Marie Laveau, the queen of old New Orleans.



## Sugar Island

Rebecca Lambrecht

Your beautiful body  
                   encompassed  
 by miles of sugar  
 expanding outward  
                   layered beneath  
 the colors swimming  
 inside:  
                   magenta vibrance  
                   fuchsia life,  
                   canary thoughts,  
                   and orange clowns.  
 You are the color's  
                   world,  
                           their mother,  
                   gently caressing  
                   and feeding  
 even strange feet  
 passing by  
                   cooled by your dance.